# THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles.

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### ONLY.

Only a flash of indignant eyes,
Only a glance of pained surprise,
Only a ring from a finger small
Dropped at his feet, and that was all.

Only a maiden sad and drear,
Longing for some one still held dear,
Only a tear on a ringless hand,
For the lover gone to a foreign land.

Only a ship by the sea waves tossed,
Only a man with hands idly crossed,
Sea below, and sky o'erhead,
With a bitter sigh for the love now dead.

Only an aching pain in his heart,
For the cruel words that made them part
Only a wish to be back once more,
Down by her side as in days of yore

Only a sight of a pure, pale face,
Sweet and grave in its womanly grace
Only regret for the pain he had given,
Only a prayer to be forgiven.

Only a glance in his tender eyes,
Only a smile of sweet surprise;
Only a clasp of the fingers small,
Only a kiss—and that was all.

### EAU MIGH!

There was a young girl from Bordeaux
With corns on her little pink toeaux
They gave her such pain
The tears ran like rain
Down the bridge of her delicate neaux.

Her lover—a youth from Cologne—
Fled wildly and left her alogne,
When he found that her feet
With corns were replete,
With never a word he had flogne.

They sent for a doctor from Lynn,
As shining and neat as a pynn,
He looked at her toeaux,
The source of her woeaux,
And indulged in a gratified grynn.

He prescribed for this maid from Bordeaux,
And cured all her little pink toeaux:
And now, it is said,
They, too, will be waid,
And from sorrow and grief find repeaux

The sweet-scented youth from Cologne,
Who left her severely alogne,
When he first heard the news
His mind he did lews,
And flitted from life with a grogne.

### A MAIL-CARRIER'S EXPERIENCE.

A great while ago—long before the late war—there was a young man who carried the mail between Madison and Macon, Georgia. His name was George Lovic. He used his eyes and ears pretty well, and never—found as he was of a good story—told lies. To say "Bob Lovic says so" was to certify to the truth of a statement, which which was certainly to his credit; and, moreover, he was as honest as the day, and could have been entrusted with untold gold or uncounted diamonds. Morally you could not find a fault with Bob. Mentally, he was very well for an uneducated man; but he had one great failing—great particularly in the eyes of pretty Annie Wesley, who otherwise esteemed Bob perfection. He had allied himself with a certain class of persons who term themselves "free thinkers."

This theological difference at last led to a little quarrel, and Bob tried to get Annie out of his mind, but failed to do it; and Annie was very miserable, as well for the sake of Bob's soul as for herself; for, though she had offers in plenty, not one—not even rich John Grab, who had ever so many acres of land—could be compared for a moment in her mind to Bob, had Bob only held proper sentiments.

So, though they kept apart for a whole month, at last one bright morning, as Bob rode along, slowly and stupidly for him, he saw, sitting under a tree, a little figure in a blue dress that he couldn't pass to save his life. So he stopped his horse and called out:

"Annie, is that you?"

"Yes, Bob," said Annie, showing a pair of wet eyes. "I came here on purpose to see you. I've talked in my poor weak, womanish words, but you talk so much better than I, that of course, it's of no use; and all the while there is One who talks so plainly to us, and the words are here; and I've brought them to you and please, dear Bob, to read them, and perhaps—"

She did not finish the sentence, but placed a pretty Bible in Bob's hand.

"I've had it bound very nicely for you, and oh! for my sake read it—it will teach you so much, Bob—so very much!"

Bob took the book. For a moment he felt annoyed, and much like sneering, but Annie was very dear to him; so he kept his anger down for her sake, thanked her for her present, and placed it in the breast-pocket of his coat.

"As if I were to be converted like a sinner in a tract!" said Bob, after he had ridden on a little. "But women are not expected to have minds like ours." And out of another pocket he pulled an infidel tract, which a friend, an unbelieving doctor, had loaned him, and fell to reading.

It was not a very wise thing, as the event proved, for the horse, left to himself, stumbled over something in the road and was lamed; not badly, it seemed, but it forced Bob to dismount and stop at a country store to examine and bathe the limb, and then he had to allow the beast to take his own time afterward, so that instead of trotting briskly into Macon before sundown the young man found himself belated on a lonely road hours after the sun had quite vanished—his horse growing lamer and his hopes of supper quite gone.

"Hang the tract!" growled Bob, "what did I bother with it for?" And he gave the paper a toss into a clump of bushes, and then his mind went back to Annie Wesley's Bible.

He felt for it. It was safe. He wished that he was somehow better, and he walked along with the bridle over his arm in quite a melancholy mood.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the road. Bob looked up. Straight before him sat a mounted man with a black mask on his face and a pistol in his hand.

"Halt!" commanded the individual, ferociously; and Bob halted. "If you are quiet, you will come to no harm," said the man. "I only want your mail bag. I happen to know that it is worth something to-night, and I've followed you from the store back yonder. There ain't a soul within hearing, and you may as well take it coolly; I am armed, you see; you are not. Hand over the bag."

"Never!" exclaimed Bob. "The mail-bag is in my care—entrusted; I'll guard it as long as I have breath in my body."

"That won't be long," with a coarse laugh, "if you don't listen to reason."

Bob, for reply, mounted his horse and sat behind the mail-bag.

"Your life is in danger," warned the robber. "I intend to have those letters, and a life isn't worth much to me. I'm in earnest; no fooling," and he took deliberate aim at Bob Lovic's breast.

Bob was unarmed, and he loved life dearly, but he was no coward. It was useless to try to overcome the robber. He had only his fists—rather useless weapons under the circumstances; but he "showed fight," and as the robber's anger kindled he fired. The aim was good. The little ball of lead lodged in Bob's coat, just where his heart should have been, and Bob staggered.

He was shocked rather than hurt; and in that moment of excitement he remembered having heard that it was often so in mortal injuries. Probably he had received his death wound, and the robber would walk off with the mail-bag, where Bob, well knew reposed the money which energetic Dick Dorr had sent to take his poor old mother from the alms-house, and other trusts were in that leather bag—the humble hopes and dreams of those who wrote the letters twined around them.

The doctor and his infidel tract had done Bob Lovic little good; but he was honest and kindly yet.

"I'll fight while I have a drop of blood left," he said to himself. "And help may come and the mail-bag be saved, even if I die."

He leaped from his horse and sprang upon the highwayman with such vigor that the man tumbled from his saddle. Then Bob struggled for the pistol, and gaining it, knocked the ruffian senseless with the butt end, and sat down on his bosom to keep guard, expecting to die every moment, but praying that help might come before the robber recovered consciousness.

About that time a party of young men, who were out on a coon hunt, came up with flaring torches, and a score of dogs at their heels. They all knew Bob well, and the most zealous were for dispatching the robber; but the voice of the majority were for binding him and carrying him to the city, to meet his reward at the hands of justice, and with this party Bob agreed.

He felt weak and his breast ached, and he expected every moment to feel the faintness of death stealing over him; for there was the round hole just over his heart, and the bullet must be somewhere. A few unpleasant misgivings, which proved that his opinions of the future were not so fixed as they might have been, troubled him, and he sighed a little as the new-comers questioned him.

"The bullet went in here," he said, touching the hole. "I don't feel any pain, and must be bleeding inwardly if at all, I think."

He unbuttoned his coat cautiously, and out dropped Annie Wesley's Bible, with the bullet deeply imbedded in its cover.

The tears came to Bob's eyes, and the others stared, for he had been in the habit of boasting of his infidel opinions and it was odd enough that he should wear a Bible next to his heart. But every one was too glad to find him unhurt to care for much else, and so they gave three cheers, and started toward the city with their prisoner.

Bob followed, leading his horse, and keeping his eye on the mail-bag, and on the way he thought—what he thought may be divined from the fact that six months after, Annie Wesley found her lover by her side at church, and heard from his own lips that he had not half so high an opinion of his own smartness and that of his doctor friend as formerly, and he believed she was right after all.

And so they were married, and for many years have been living very contentedly in their little cottage on the outskirts of Madison.

### Feathered Slaves.

No people are more ingenious than the Chinese in the minor arts of life. That they have succeeded in training birds to fish is a striking example of their ingenuity and patience. Instead of carrying nets, the fishermen provide themselves with a large number of cormorants which perch on the edge of the boats. It is a curious spectacle to see these creatures engaged in fishing, diving into the water and always coming up with a fish in their beaks. As the Chinese fear the vigorous appetites of their feathered servants, they fasten around their necks an iron ring, large enough to allow their breathing but too small to admit of the entrance of the fish they seize; to prevent their straying about in the water and wasting the time desired for their work, a cord is attached to the ring and to one claw of the cormorant by which he is pulled up when inclined to stay too long under water. When tired he is permitted to rest for a while; but if he abuse the indulgence and waste his time, a few strokes of the bamboo recalls him to duty, and the poor diver resumes his laborious occupation. In passing from one fishing ground to another, the cormorants perch side by side, so as not to disturb the equilibrium of the frail vessel.

### After the Sunday Dinner.

After the Sunday dinner, what? Well, it all depends. A person whose brain is wearied with intellectual work during the week, or whose nervous system is exposed to the strain of business or professional life, ought to sleep within an hour or so after his Sunday dinner, if he can. It is surprising how much like a seven-day clock the brain will work if the habit of a Sunday nap be once formed. Nature will take advantage of it as regularly and gratefully as she does of the nightly sleep, and do her best to make up lost time. People, on the other hand, whose week of toil is chiefly physical, may well give their minds activity while their bodies are resting. Two sermons and three or four hours of solid reading are a real rest to some on Sunday, while to others such a course amounts to a positive Sabbath-breaking. Sunday is a day of rest, not a day of work, religious or otherwise. It is a day of repose, not for exhaustion. But what the dogmatists on one side and the illiberal liberals on the other are apt to overlook is the fact that all men do not rest alike any more than they labor alike, and what may help one may kill another.

**Amos A. Dodson, Esq.,**

(See Second Page.)

### The Perfumery Trade.

Some kinds of perfumery are worth their weight in gold. The export of fine perfumery is principally from Grasse, Nice, Cannes and Bremen. The business is divided into two parts. The manufacturer extracts from the flowers their essential oils. The perfumer buys these oils, pomades and extracts, and compounds them in several ways.

Only about a dozen of all the fragrant flowers in the world are used in the manufacture of perfumery, viz.: the violet, rose, orange flower, jasmine, tuberose, cassie, lavender, thyme, rosemary, geraniums, jonquil and fennel. The rose and the orange are the most valuable. Of the numerous varieties of the rose, only one is used, the Province rose, single, pale pink, the most sweet smelling of roses; not hardy.

Picking for perfumery occurs in almost every month of the year. It is a paradoxical fact in the business that the bitter orange yields the best blossoms for perfumery. One ton of blossoms yields two pounds eight ounces of oil neroli. The fruit of the bitter orange yields a very fine essential oil, bigarade. It is used in many scents. The orange tree, cultivated for its oil, lasts with care over 200 years.

One ton of the distilled leaves of the scented verbena geranium yields from 24 to 30 ounces of the essential oil. The flowers of the jasmine are picked just after sunset in July, and in the morning, as soon as the dew is off, in August. The jasmine is a peculiarly delicate flower. Its essential oil is so volatile that it cannot be extracted by distillation, the heated water decomposing it is so that only a faint tinge of the perfume is left in the water that passes through the refrigerant.

Like the jasmine, the oil of the tuberose cannot be extracted by distillation. The perfume of the cassie is much used in compounds. The process of manufacturing perfumes is in itself very interesting, especially to the ladies.

A ton of roses yields only two ounces of the attar. If kept at a temperature below 60°, attar crystalizes; if kept open to the air and light, it is easily volatized. Perfumed oils are made by putting fresh quantities of flowers into the finest of virgin olive oil from 20 to 30 different times. The essential oil of flowers has a strong affinity to lard or grease. The latter, rendered as white as snow, is perfectly saturated with the flowers. The process is repeated many times. In this way we have pomade of rose, orange, cassie and violet. The affinity of the perfume of flowers for alcohol is, however, stronger than than for grease. Pomades, immersed in alcohol, are rendered into extracts, the grease leaving the perfume. It is safe to say that, among the numerous articles of toilet, the manufacture of perfumed pomades, perfumed oils and high-priced perfumery generally is as a sealed book to many persons.

### Changes of a Century.

The nineteenth century has witnessed many and very great discoveries and changes:

In 1809 Fulton took out his first patent for the invention of a steamboat.

The first steamships which made regular trips across the Atlantic ocean were the Sirius and Great Western in 1830.

The first public application to practical use of gas for illumination was made in 1802.

In 1813 the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

In 1813 there was built in Waltham, Mass., a mill, believed to have been the first in the world which combined all the requirements for making finished cloth from the raw cotton.

In 1790 there were only twenty-five post-offices in the whole country, and up to 1837 the rate of postage was 25 cents for a letter sent over 400 miles.

In 1807 wooden clocks began to be made by machinery. This ushered in the era of cheap clocks.

About the year 1833 the first railroad of any considerable length in the United States was constructed.

In 1840 the first experiments in photography were made by Daguerre.

About 1840 the first express business was established.

The anthracite coal business may be said to have begun in 1820.

In 1836 the patent for the invention of matches was granted.

Steel pens were introduced for use in 1803.

The first successful trial of a reaper took place in 1833.

In 1846 Elias Howe obtained a patent for his first sewing machine.

### How They Meet and Part.

A gentleman lately took down verbatim the conversation of two fashionable ladies during a morning call—viz: "How do you do, dear?" "Pretty well, thank you." (They kiss.) "How have you been this age?" Pretty well. How have you been?" "Very well, thank you." "Pleasant to-day." "Yes, very bright, but had a shower yesterday." "All your family quite well?" "Quite well, thanks. How is yours?" "Oh, very well thank you." "Have you seen Mary B. lately?" "No, but I have seen Susan C." "You don't say so! is she quite well?" "Yes, very well, I believe." (Rising.) "Must you go?" "Yes, indeed; I have seven calls to make." "Do call again soon." "Thank you; but you don't come near me once in age." "Oh you shouldn't say so, dear; I'm sure I'm very good." "Good bye." "Good bye dear."—*Exchange.*

"Gale Forest gives the following pat reply to the above:

"Yes! and after writing that the gentleman discovered the strain upon his mental faculties had been so severe, he went out to "brace up." Just as he reached his destination, met a friend from out of town, when the following conversation was overheard and taken down by the writer, as an example for women, of men's "wit and wisdom." "Hellow! old fellow, how are you?" (They shake) "First rate, how are you?" "Tip-top!" "When dy'e get in?" "Just now." "Have something?" significantly.) "Well—yes, don't care-fi-do." (They step into a saloon, after cautiously looking around, to make sure no outsiders are about, to see they are breaking their pledge—pause—they emerge, innocently wiping their mouths, before putting into them their lighted cigars, and being primed," resumed:) "How's yer folks?" "All well; how's yours?" "All flourishing now youngest boy had diphtheria, but all right now." "Crops good up your way?" "Well yes, pretty fair." How do politics look? "Bad—very bad—all democrats up our way big democratic majority. (Takes out his watch.) "Thunder! ten minutes to 12,—must be off—got to see a man at 12." "Can you come up to the house and take dinner?" "No, guess not to-day—got several pressing business engagements. Good bye." "Good bye." They again wring hands and then rush away from each other as if fearing they might have to stand another treat.

### Observe the Birthdays.

Let the birthday of each member of the family be always remembered when it comes. Let there be something a little out of the ordinary routine in the arrangement of the table; cookies fashioned as Johnny likes them best; one of Frank's favorite plum puddings, or Julia's special liking, a loaf of ginger cake; or a wonderful lemon pie, such as only mamma can make.

Then there must be presents. Sometimes people may think they cannot be afforded; but reflect. The little one needs shoes, dresses, aprons and many other things. Purchase one or more for the birthday. It will seem just as much a present to the recipients as though they were not obliged to have it.

Next come school-books and story-books, a set of furs or a pair of skates, (should the birthday occur in the winter,) a pretty little dinner-basket, or, if the parents can afford it, a little gold band for one of the white fingers, a necklace, a watch with a shining chain, or the pony that has been wished for so long.

Encourage the little ones in giving to each other, and also remember father and mother's birthday; believe me, it will be bread cast on the waters; the days will only be a few ere some returns, and there will be a never-failing supply of pleasure as long as you and your children live.

### A Bird that Turns Somersaults.

There's a pretty little bird that lives in China, and is called the Fork-Tailed Parus. He is about as big as a robin, and has a red beak, yellow legs, black tail, and red-and-yellow wings. Nearly all the colors are in his dress, you see, and he is a gay fellow. This bird has a trick known by no other birds that ever I heard of. He turns somersaults! Not only does he do this in his free life on the trees, but also after he is caught and put into a cage. He throws his head far back, and over he goes, touching the bars of his cage, and alighting upon his feet on the floor or on a perch. He will do it over and over a number of times without stopping, as though he thought it great fun. All his family have the same trick, and they are called Tumblers. The people of China are fond of keeping them in cages and seeing them tumble.

### CEASE THOSE BICKERINGS.

BY ARGUS.

Shakespeare says in substance, that some men are born great, some acquire greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them. These words are words of wisdom. But there are some individuals whe are contantly insisting on their greatness when they do not even possess the elements calculated to form the basis of even ordinary manhood. These would-be great people are constantly in the way. When those who are born great or those who acquire greatness are marching forward and attacking the strong-holds of error, these would-be great people are tugging at their heels in order that they may also appear great, or are snapping and growling and snarling because they cannot take the lead. If a convention is to meet and they are not named among the "great lights," there to display their whiskers, their bald heads or their long ears, these pygmies set up a howl and make the very air lurid with denunciations and promiscuous sulphurous vaporings They fairly froth at the mouth and declare that the world is up-side down—that *they* are on top instead of the bottom. There may be some hope for a man who entertains a high opinion of his capabilities and yet displays that egotism with some modesty, but the man who is constantly dashing toward the front when he is not called for and dashing to the rear when he is wanted at the front, is not likely to have greatness thrust upon him. He is more likely to have the just indignation of the people hurled at him. What the colored people want is leadership. They do not desire brawl-breeders and sore-heads. If we have leaders, (and there is no doubt that we have,) I want to see them come up to the "scratch," pull together like good men and assist in dragging us out of the dilemma into which recent misfortunes have plunged us. I want to hear the tocsin sounded by some one who can pull the rope. I want to see the young men turn out and pitch in and do yeoman service for the cause of the upbuilding of the race and advancement of their cause.

This squabbling about position in lind should be stopped. If the truly great are in the rear it won't be long before they will be called to the front. The brave private will always supersede the cowardly captain if he will only wait long enough to give the captain time to show his incapacity. Take hold of the wheel, push the cause of the colored man ahead and when rewards for glory or eminent service are being passed around, all good men will get their dues. Stop this growling and fighting. In unity there is strength; in dissention there can be nothing but broken vows or broken bones.

Charles Lamb was once called upon to say grace. "Is there no minister present?" "No," was the answer. "Then let us thank God," replied the humorist.

French merchants are more franc in their dealings than those of any other nation.—[Yonkers Gazette. Yes, but American merchants have more cents.—[Bloomington Eye.

"Once upon a time" a man met an old woman in an English town driving several asses. "Adieu, mother of asses," said he. "Adien, my son," was the old woman's reply.

Without wishing to encourage the world in gabble, we may state the goldenness of silence is over-estimated. The mute, inglorious oyster is always getting into broils, stews and hot water.

Breaking an awkward silence—Mrs. Montague Smart (suddenly, to bashful youth, who has not opened his lips since he was introduced to her a quarter of an hour ago)—"And now let us talk of something else!"

Propriety—Light-minded young thing in a bathing suit: "Surely, Aunt Margaret, you're not going to wear your spectacles into the water!" Aunt M.: "Indeed I am. Nothing shall induce me to take off another thing."

A London tourist met a young woman going to the kirk, and, as was not unusual she was carrying her boots in her hand, trudging along barefoot. "My girl," he said, "is it customary for all the people in these parts to go barefoot?" "Pairtly they do," and pairtly they mind their own business!"

A female applicant for aid, appeared at the office of the Director of the Poor, in Detroit the other day, with a sad and anxious look, and on being asked what she wanted replied, "I'd like some money." "How much?" "Well, I can't say exactly. How much do you generally give to a person who wants to buy a bead belt?"

### CIVIL RIGHTS.

BY LE DUKE

The Supreme Court of the United States have decided the Civil Rights Bill unconstitutional. I suppose most pupils in the District are aware of this and I will venture to assert modestly that if the people in the District are not, the colored people of the South are. Aware of it? I should smile! The humiliations, the mental agony, the actual deprivation, the galling, burning and unjustifiable insults they have already received can attest to their knowledge of the distressing fact that the Civil Rights Bill has been nullified. The devils of the South whose revengefulness has been restrained by the uncertainty of the legality of the Bill are now let loose upon the colored people to satiate their animus and show their power. The manhood of the men will be attacked and our colored ladies will be at the mercy of a relentless, unprincipled, blood-thirsty and persistent tormenter who has been quiet because he dared not budge—the nigger hater. The decision of the court may have been strictly according to law, but had that court but measured the horrible consequences which the colored people would suffer from the removal of the restraints from the evil—disposed whites and still have declared the law unconstitutional, they merit the condemnation of all christendom. The rules of construction were ample enough to have accepted the law constitutional upon the ground of manifest intent and I am disposed to excuse the court merely because they were misinformed of the real sentiment of the southern white people toward the colored. We are now left in the desert to reason, unarmed, with a wolf, to battle unshielded with the elements—the snow of scorn and the whirlwind of prejudice. And what is it all for? Is it because we have not been loyal Is it not because we have not exercised our suffrages judiciously? Is it because we have shed no blood in defense of our country? Are we waiting in fidelity? If the white people would know of our party adherence, let them think of the president we have elected. If the would know of our bravery and loyalty, let them go to the War Office and there examine the records and see the names of 178,975 soldiers who took arms in defense of the nation's honor. If they would know the rest, let them visit the cemeteries and note the number of slabs which mark the resting place of our honored dead—those who died that the principles of justice and humanity might be made practical as applied to the colored race. If they would know of our progress, let them visit the towns all over the country and see the thousands who within the past few years have learned to read, write and cipher. Let them notice there reformation we have made in religious worship and the young professional men who are making their mark against fearful odds. Let them see the advancement we have made in business and indeed in everything which is calculated to make a people respectable and a nation great. It seems to me (but I am a poor weak vessel, with not even the rights of a poor colored man) that we have learned the rights we claim. The awful test of the crucible is being applied and although it has been shamefully imposed, we must bear it even as Sampson bore the persecution of the Philistines. The persecutions may last long, but should a Sampson be needed in future to test his strength, beware less the temple fall a shapeless and hopeless ruin. Bear gently with the poor colored man. His burdens are heavy at best. What must they be now when the government has withheld its justice and its mercy!

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### *SOME CORRECTIONS.*

WE would like to remind those who quote Matt Carpenter as expressing himself in the Senate against the constitutionality of the Civil Rights Act, that the particular features he referred to were those relating to jurors. But the Supreme Court in ex parte Virginia, 10 otto 339 (Judge Rives case) held that the fourth section of this act, relating to jurors and the authority of the state exercised in their selection is constitutional. Hence, those special warnings were not prophecies nor his arguments law.

The Supreme Court decision does not place us where we were twenty years ago, far from it. It has not decided that the Civil Rights of "the full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations advantages, facilities and privileges of inns, public conveyances on land and water, theatres and other places of public amusement," are not ours,—even under the fourteenth amendment, for these sections are not declared unconstitutional as to the territories or the District of Columbia.

If these amendments did not carry these civil rights, the provisions in question would have been declared universally unconstitutional. The Court has simply decided that Congress has not power, under these amendments to pass the sections referred to. At the same time, by stating that they do not pass on the power of Congress to create such legislation, as to common carriers under the constitutional provisions to regulate commerce between the states, it is evident that they are of opinion that Congress does have such power, and can by enactment prevent such discrimination.

### *MR. A. A. DODSON.*

ON another page will be found a portrait of Mr. A. A. Dodson new candidate for the legislature from Mecklenburg County, Va. We give it because we think him a young gentleman of such promise of future usefulness in his state and nation, and fully entitled to this favorable mention.

He is the youngest of three children. James Dodson, his father, is now alive, but his mother, whose maiden name was Miss Judith Hepburn, died when he was too young to retain any recollection of her. He was born in 1856 on the 10th day of April. The two A's in his name, were considered a happy hit, since one of his grand fathers, the maternal, was named Amos Burwell and the other, the paternal, Andre Gilmore, who was always considered a very restless slave. He once attempted to escape from slavery, but was betrayed. He figured conspiciously in politics after the Emancipation. In consequen the death of his mother at such an early period of his life, he was taken in the house and reared by the mistress of the place until he had reached the age of 8, when he was placed under the care of a cabinet maker to learn that business. He remained with him until 12 when he went to serve an apprenticeship at the carpenter's trade, during which time he studied very hard in the night and was enabled thereby to pass a very creditable examination to teach in the public schools; but he did not accept a situation at that time but continued at his trade. While doing so he very fortunately fell in the employment of one Dr. Saml. Saunders, who married the sister of the lady in whose custody he had first been placed. This wonderful and extraordinarily intelligent man, who graduated from the niversity of Virginia in it with the highest honors and distinctions and is one of the most skillful physician and riepest scholar of his time, took an especial interest in Mr. Dodson and invited him to take lessons under him, although he did not care to teach even his own children. By studying under and conversing with this learned man—(for he is a brilliant and powerful conversant), he unconsciously imbried a love for history and English classics with which he was perfectly familiar. He has consequently been accredited as possessing some merit as a historian. After studying four years with this gentleman he commenced teaching and taught ten years—and was held to possess some popularity. In 1880 he was appointed census taker. He is now a very good clerk in the R. M. S. on the Washington and Charlotte route. Before being nominated for the House of Delegates he was more than once mentioned favorably for the senate, but positively declined. After a desperate struggle by Mr. Ross Hamilton for renomination, Mr. Dodson, being absent, was nominated by acclamation.

He resides at Clarkesville, Mecklenburg, Va.

That Mr. Dodson has been nominated over such a politican as Hon. Ross Hamilton is both suggestive and encouraging. For 14 years Mr. Hamilton has represented his county in the councils of the state, possessing political opportunities far superior to any other man of his race. Had he fully improved these opportunities, notwithstanding his lack of earlier and later training, he might have risen prominently to such a leadership as would have not only won him distinction as a politician and statesman within the confines of his commonwealth, but caused his name to be associated with those of Lynch, Pinchback, Gibbs, O'Hara Rainey, Smalls and Rapier. The people now, in this the banner county in a Congressional district, possessing 90,000 colored to 50,000 whites, one in wnich, not even in Funder days, there was never sufficient intimidation to obliterate a republican majority well up in the thousands, have elected Mr. Dodson as their standard bearer. We trust that he will be elected, serve with credit in the legislature, and fit himself as occasion requires for higher trusts.

WE present in another column brief extracts from a few representative colored journals on the recent decision of the Supreme Court on the Civil Rights Court. These more than any other utterances reflect colored sentiment with regard to this last emanation from our court of high resort. Much difference of opinion is manifested; this was to be expected. All, however, regard it as of no little political importance. Some are despondent; others are hopeful and more determined to battle for the right. We commend a careful reciding of these opinions, to the leaders of the republican party and especially to the administration, in order that they may be enabled to take time by the fore lock.

THE colored people of Illinois had a convention last week and among other things considered the action of the Supreme Court tn the Civil Rights Act There committee of which F. E. Bennett; jr., of the *Conservator* was Chairman presented a report which was adopted. Among the things cited was the following; which being in the nature of indica ing a remedy we ask our readers to ponder well:

God helps those who helps themselves. The remedy henceforth must be in our own hands. The civil rights already accorded us, in the several states, wil hardly be abriged. For others we must abor and wait. By the intelligent exercise of our franchise we shall demand he rights which hitherto have been denied our prayers.

THE brilliant speech of Col. Robert Ingersoll last Monday night is conclusive that the Supreme Court could have decided the other way and been equally in keeping with some of its former "post bellum" decisions. How they can get around the logic of Col. Ingersoll and escape the charge of flagrant inconsistency, we cannot imagine.

IN ALL the debates on the spread of the Episcopal Church among the colored people of the country that have yet occurred in the General Convention in Philadelphia, the tenor of feeling is in siriking contrast to the utterances of Dr. Tucker last year at Richmond. If they and all other religious bodies could live up to the professions of their leaders, that in the church there is no place for social grievances or for caste, we would have no distinctive race problems to contend with.

WHO believes that had the right of voting been upheld in the South generally as it is to-day in Virginia that the Supreme Court would have dared to render such a decision.—*Echo* answers, who?

Morally, this decision is the heaviest blow that has been struck at us- and the blow comes from those who we have been taught to believe were our friends. Its political effect is as yet incalculable. Well, can the Negro remain faithful to a party, no matter what its services have been in the past, which slaps him in the face? This is no time for reasoning. and it is no use arguing legal distinctions and constitutional points. Colored men will not understand them. The portents of the decision absorb all attention.

But with all. we are not a pessimist. We always look at the bright side of things. Practically, we believe and hope that the decision will not affect unfavorably our social status. Visions of dire impending calamities do not disturb our slumber. Distempered effusions of Bourbon newspapers, exultations of minds narrowed by prejudices, will we trust, ere long die out. True, our recourse for justice and protection lies now exclusively in State Courts and in the fair and just administration of State governments; then let us be up and help elect fair, impartial judges, and good, just men to office in all the branches of State and city governments. As what has been already accomplished, in the practical enjoyment of our rights and privileges, has been gained through public sentiment than through enactment, let us help improve this public sentiment. As we advance and progress, it must grow more and more liberal, until ultimately all color or race distinction is wiped out of existence.—*The Standard. N. O.*

Practically, the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, declaring the Civil Rights Act of 1875, unconstitutional, will have no effect in this section of the south other than possibly to re-open the race issue which had been regarded as settled.

The colored people of the south have not been obtrusive. They have modestly requested, in public conveyances, flirst-class accommodations for first-class compensation, and their requests have been yielded to by railroads and street-car managers. Nobody has objected to riding on a passenger train, which gives equal accommodations to all travelers; nobody in Mobile objects to riding in the same street-car with mixed classes, or mixed races of passengers; nobody objects that colored people, traveling on our river steamers and paying the highest rates of fare, have as good accommodation as the white passengers.

Neither at the Battle House, or at the Mobile Theatre have colored people crowded themselves in and demanded the rights they thought the constitution and laws accorded them. They have either taken "back seats" or have found accommodatiens and amusements elsewhere among people of their own race.

The whole community was settling down to the conviction that equal rights for all was a principle firmly established; but the colored element did not offensively demand any social rights. They attended to their own business, sought hotel accommodations where their presence and their money was appreciated; and sought dramatic and other amusements in their own way, mainly created by their own people.—*Mobile Gazette.*

In our opinion it will be better for us that this law has been declared to be of no effect. For there was a certain spirit of resistance to the enforcement of its provisions throughout the country, and particularly in the South, which we fear would have taken a century to die out. We think we will not overreach reason in saying that this spirit of resistance grew out of the fact that the Act was a Federal law regulating those things which a large number of the white people of the States thought ought to have been left entirely to the States Whether these people were right or wrong in their opinions as to this matter, is of no consequence. It is sufficient to know that the law met with their opposition, and would have been likely to have that opposition for a great number of years to come.

In answer to the question: What shall we do? we suggest that the colored people all over the South begin at once to pick out and act with such native southern white men as are liberal enough to be willing to give them their civil and political rights. There are such white men in the State of Virginia, and we doubt not that they can be found in every State in the Union.—*Virginia Star.*

Whilst we do not think that it will have the practical effect expected by many, yet the act, the intent, is sufficiently suggestive of its self to show the bent and animus of minds high in nation republican councils, and should cause us to think and stop to consider calmly and dispassionately, what is the difference, if any exists, between the two great parties of the nation, so far as concerns the protection of our rights as citizens, or the amelioration of our condition as a race.

The Negro's future fate is in his own hands, and he must learn to stand alone and fight out his own destiny in this country.—*American Citizen, New Orleans, La.*

If the Democratic party swallows Butler and the Republican party swallows the recent Civil Rights decision of the Supreme Court, who will then vouch for the Republican party being any better friend to the Negro than the Butler Democracy?—*Huntsville Ala. Gazette.*

Bob Ingersoll would make a capital revivalist. He made a convert last Monday night. One woman got so happy that she shouted in old camp-meeting style.

#### HON. S. P. ROUNDS.

In these adverse decisions, and when their real friends are few and far between, the colored people will rejoice to know that Hon. S. P. Rounds, the Public Printer is still true to them. He has appointed, just a day or two ago, a colored lady to one of the best positions in the office that ladies can ho'd. We wish that all the bureaus and Deparments of the Government had at their head such fair-minded and just gentlemen as our worthy Public Printer.

There was a rousing mass-meeting at Langley, Fairfax County, Va., la t Monday night, Ludwig Gunnell, Esq., presided. Speeches were delivered by Mr. Broadwater, the candidate for the Legislature, J. W. Cromwell, of the ADVOCATE, and John R. Larman.

—To morrow at Asbury.—At 11 o'clock, Rev. Jas. H. Chestnut will preach, and Rev. N. M. Carroll at night.

#### A Warrenton Wedding.

BARNETT—HARRIS.—On Thursday afternoon Oct. 11, 1883, Miss A. C. Harris of Richmond Va. was married to Mr. H. E. Barnett of Nassau, N. P. Bahamas, at St. James P. E. Church. The services were conducted by the Rev. Geo. A. Nelson. The scene was rendered imposing by the strains of "Mendelsohn's Wedding March," which was skilfully discoursed by Miss Day the organist, as the gay cortege moved down the aisle of the church. Sometime before the bridal party arrived the church was filled with eager spectators. At 5 P. M. the bride passed up the aisle on the arm of her step-father preceded by her maids and their escorts, she was received at the altar by the groom who wore a faultless suit of blackcloth. The bride wore a white gros grain silk trimmed with white silk lace and puffs down the front. The dress was of a plain but beautifull design, her veil which was of white silk tulle, hung loosely in front and attached by a brilliant pin to the back of her hair, around which she wore a beautiful wreath of flowers. The bride's maids were Miss Sarah E. Payne and Miss Susan Payne. Mr. Max. F. Duty, also a native of Nassru, attended the groom as "best man" assicted by Mr. C. H. Kenny of Bethel, Va.

Many handsome as well as useful presents were made to the bride by her friends, among which, that presented by Wm. F. Blake of Washington, being the most costly, the most handsome and the most useful.

The happy couple, elated with the benedictions of well-wishes and success, and the anticipated joys of holy wedlock took the 5.05 P. M. train of the same day for Washington, where they remained for a few days.

#### A Fitting Tribute.

A number of our ladies presented Justice Harlan with a splendid tribute in token of the manly stand he has taken on the rights of man. The tribute was a very large and beautiful "Scale of Justice," wrought with choice flowers. All honor to Justice Harlan!

#### THE PARTING SHOT.

MR. EDITOR:—I desire to answer the scurrilous article of Rev. Mr. Brooks to myself, which appeared in THE ADVOCATE of the 13th inst.

He charges that I "fabricated a statement that lacks only the element of truth," but takes great care not to state to the public what that statement is, and why he did not, the public may judge.

I did say, through THE ADVOCATE, that his admission that he had no personal knowledge of the defamatory statements contained in his letter, with other evidence proved conclusively to my mind that he wrote not from conviction but, according to the dictation of others. This evidence I will give if necessary. He also stated to me, last spring, while coming down 16th street, from the Seminary, that he was a friend of the Seminary, and on another occasion at his residence on 20th street, that he would remain neutral, and let the trustees decide in regard to the request of the students for his church, for their graduating exercises. But in this, as in other things, he showed his "ability" to shift to the breeze of popular sentiment. And when he is questioned about his two faced course he seeks to shelter himself behind the screen of deception, by declining to discuss with any except those "of honor and ability" like unto himself.

No one knows better than Mr. Brooks himself, that he wrote his first letter at the suggestion of others, and his accusation against me a "a malicious apologist" is another of his artful invention to cover his deceit.

Our personal relations have been strictly of a friendly character, and as to the charge of malice, I do not know where that comes in, nor do I believe Mr. Brooks does himself.

He calls himself a "good" man, this may be true, but he has allowed himself to be used by bad hands. In fact, he is every thing in turn, but, no one thing very long.

But, when the man, with his peculiar characteristics, is taken into consideration, his course is not so surprising after all.

H. V. PLUMMER.

Hyattsville, Md., Oct. 17th '83.

#### Bethel Literary.

Mr. G. H. Richardson read a paper on the Civil Rights decision at Bethel Hall Tuesday night. It was an able, ingenious and original argument to show that the Civil Rights bill was unconstitutional. His logic was unanswerable, his rhetoric glowing, his style elevated and his delivery excellent; but his premises confining Civil Rights to protection to person and property were not strong enough to uphold the structure thereon erected. The discussion which followed, participated in as it was by Messrs. Harris, Waring, Cook, Minton, Lawson and Smith, was the sprightliest thus far of the season, which is largely attributable to the fact that the character of the paper took it out of the ordinary ruts. A vote of thanks was tendered the speaker.

#### A Regular "D. B."

Not long ago a well-known newspaper man took day board at the Sherman House, says the Chicago *Times*. He was at home in the place, and was a privileged character. One day he sauntered behind the office counter into the regions that are supposed to be sacred to gentlemeu who wear diamonds and address congressmen, governors, tourists, porters, newsboys and other statesmen by their first names, when his eye happened to catch sight of his own name on a slip with others over the bookkeeper's desk. He would not have given it a passing thought had not the letters "D. B." been attached. He "flew off the handle" on the instant, and demanded an interview with the proprietor. That august functionary was found, and to him the irate journalist addressed a few remarks. "Do I owe you anything?" he asked. "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "I have paid my bills all right so far as you know, haven't I?" "Certainly. I have no complaint to make."

"Then why do you permit your clerk to post me over his desk as a 'D. B.?'"

"I do not; there must be some mistake."

The journalist assured him that there was no mistake, and that he had seen the objectionable and significant letters with his own eyes. The more he thought of it the madder he got. The proprietor could not pacify him until he promised to have the matter investigated and the guilty man punished. It was found that the night clerk had perpetrated the outrage, and that evening the injured citizen took an early opportunity to take him to task. "What did you mean by putting 'D. B.' after my name?" inquired the newspaper man. "O, go away," he replied, thinking his interlocutor was "chaffing," as was his custom; "don't bother me." "No, I won't go away, and I demand a civil answer to my question."

The clerk looked up and saw an angry man in front of him. Then his countenance was suddenly bisected by a grin, and he doubled up like a man with the colic. "You took day-board, didn't you?" he inquired, as soon as he regained his composure, "Yes, I did, and I have paid for all the day-board I have enjoyed." "So you have," was the soothing response, "but just come around here a minute, till I show you something. You see you are in good company. You are an associate of several millionaires and railroad magnates. They are each and every one designated the same way, 'D. B.' That is short for 'day-board.' Regular boarders are marked 'R. B.'"

The journalist spent a week's salary trying to bribe his audience with liquid nourishment to keep still, but like all good things the joke leaked.

#### Cleanliness.

The surface of the human body, and even the delicate membrane covering the eye, as well as the mucous lining of the internal passages of the animal body, may and often do become diseased in such a manner, by neglect of purity and careful cleanliness, that they will give off contagious matter. The contagious disorders of the skin, the eyes and the mouth are results of neglect of cleanliness, and are justly esteemed very disgusting. Decaying matters, whether vegetable or animal, and not unfrequently the still living but unhealthy and unclean surfaces and tissues of both animal and vegetable bodies, are apt to become infected with parasites which prey upon and injure or destroy the tissues. Even the tenderest parts and juices of vegetable substances and the skin, the muscles and blood of the animal, may be harmed in this way. It was a little invisible parasite which destroyed the potatoes at harvest time throughout the country many years ago, and there are some foul waters and infected kinds of meat which will breed disease in persons who partake of them. Therefore, it is a duty to be cleanly in food and drink, as well as in our breathing and personal habits. It is doubtful if persons who become filthy in their habits and neglect to provide for the purification of their bodies, clothing and premises, will ever be found pure and sweet in their thoughts, language and influence.

#### A Pretty Story.

"I believe in a providence," said Victor Hugo to a company gathered around him in the Rue de Clichy, "because I am a providence myself." Being asked for an explanation, the poet repled: "We caught a mouse yesterday evening. His death sentence was already pronounced, when my little granddaughter, Jeanne, with eyes glistening with tears, begged for the life of the gray prisoner. Her mother hesitated whether to listen to the dear little advocate or not, and in her doubt said, 'Grandfather shall decide.' So they came to me. For a moment I held the power of life and death over the diminutive creature, and I thought: The heavenly providence may find itself in my situation when the fate of a being of a higher order is to be determined. Naturally I set the mouse free; for when a man undertakes the role of providence on a small scale, he should at least imitate generosity."

The breakfast taken in winter will determine our efficiency for work in the day, and will so influence our whole being for that period of time that no after-meal can correct. The breakfast in winter must contain more nitrogenous food than in summer; it is absolutely needed. You must store heat to furnish material for absorption and for maintaining vitality; add to this nitrogenous food something that will disengage heat from the blood and keep up temperature and you may defy the coldest day. Your face may feel it, your hands may feel it, but your body will be impervious to it and go on disengaging that inward heat which can alone stand against the lowest temperature without. If this first meal has been properly attended to we may presume that vital action can be maintained in full force for five hours at least before it needs replenishing.

#### Origin of Popular Phrases.

VAMOSE.—A Mexican phrase—an adaptation of the Spanish verb *vamos*, meaning literally, "let us go."

TAFFY.—This word, which is now used as a vulgar synonym of flattery, is by no means of recent origin, as many suppose, but was really coined 200 years ago, and has been in use in London fully that period.

BOSS.—This term, which is extensively used in the United States and England to designate the person placed as overseer of workmen and working women, is an improvement on the Dutch word *baas*, meaning employer.

BOGUS.—An Anglicism—the vulgate is "Borghese," the name of a forger who "operated" somewhat extensively across the water about thirty-five years ago. He passed false tokens and counterfeit bills to the amount of many thousand dollars, and hence the term "bogus" is applied to whatever is false and fraudulent.

A DELUSION, A MOCKERY AND A SNARE.—The fact that this familiar saying has about it a certain Biblical ring, has sometimes led to its being quoted as from one or other of the Hebrew prophets; the words are, in fact, an extract from the judgment of Lord Denman, of the English house of lords, on the appeal of Daniel O'Connell to that body from the verdict rendered at his trial.

RED TAPE.—An English expression originated by Carlyle and made popular by Dickens. It was designed to represent the ceremonious delays and official formalities characteristic of the British governmental routine. It is similarly used in this country to ridicule the tardiness with which everything is effected by the formalism of governmet officials. The expression arises from the fact that government officers generally tie up their books of paper with red tape.

CANTEEN.—This is, perhaps, the only word in our language which, originally passed into a foreign tongue, and was afterward taken back in a modified form. As originally spoken by the Saxon, it was simply a *tin can*; but the Gaul, as is his wont, placing the noun before the adjective, and pronouncing the letter *t* as *s*, brought it out as *cantin*, pronounced *canteen*. Adopting a thousand other French terms, the obtuse Englishman took back his own original word in a new shape, without any inquiries on the subject, and hence we now say canteen instead of tin.

TO THE MANOR BORN.—This phrase, strictly construed, has perhaps a meaning. It is a form of expression that defines the privilege or position of an heir on whom is entailed some landed estate, the manor of a wealthy or noble family. But has it any authority to be used, as we frequently see it, as a technical or proverbial saying? Probably not. It is not a phrase known in law to define the legal status; and it is not a question of proverbial significance from any of our classic writers. It is apparently a perverted reading of the following passage in Shakespeare:

Horatio—Is it a custom?
Hamlet—Aye, marry is't;
But to my mind—though I am a native here,
And *to the manor born*—it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance. —Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 4.

OLD HARRY—The popular attributes of the evil one are a human form with horns, tail and cloven foot. These are probably derived from the representations of the Greek satyrs and the Roman fauns—the wild gods of the mountains and groves: and it is probable that the name Old Harry was originally Old Hairy. The satyrs were said to have hair like goats; and "hayre," or "harie," in old English, signified a garment made of goat's hair.

On this supposition Old Harry or Old Hairy would have some affinity to Old Shock, a popular English name given to the demon that was supposed to haunt roadsides and wild pathways. Shock is a head of rough hair, a rough-haired dog. The evil one is sometimes called "the Lord Harry," a title perhaps given derisively; or it may allude to the Scripture term, "the god of this world," the prince of the powers of darkness.

"FIRE AWAY, FLANAGAN.—Cromwell having marched his army southward, came to a castle garrisoned by some rebels, under command of a Flanagan, who sent Cromwell a violent philippic, ending with an order to quit the place, or he would open his cannon on the English forces. Cromwell returned the note, with his reply written in the corner of the missive: "Fire away, Flanagan." The laconic reply so frightened the redoubtable Flanagan that he fled without firing a shot.

TOO UTTER, TOO VERY, ETC.—This just now popular and novel style of slang, originated in the London Punch, and was to ridicule the pretentions of the very exquiste pretenders to art and æsthetic culture, whom that paper also travesties in pictures. It was first employed to satirize in pictures and verbal jests one Oscar Wilde, a young poet in London, who is greatly given to affectation, such as parading the street with a white lily in his hand, and writing very extravagant verses. The phraseology of Punch is copied by writers who want to indicate that anything is very pretentiously æsthetic or artistic.

#### Roman Remains in London.

Modern London is built on the debris of the London of the times of Julius Cæsar and Agricola, and it is by no means infrequently that 1800-year old relics of the Roman town are found many feet below the surface of the existing street. There was a rich find recently in the vicinity of Warwick Square at the depth of nineteen feet. The most interesting relic that came to light was hitherto unknown coin, of the the year 50, which lay alongside of about a dozen urns containing the products of cremation. Just think of the pangs which dying would have afflicted on those ancients if they had known that their ashes would have been seen and handled by an unknown race eighteen centuries and a half, nearly, after their demise! The most aristocratic urn was of glass and fifteen inches high. Well executed leaden pots inclosed several of these depositories, and roofing tiles the rest. The use of lead, as well as of tin, by the way, has great antiquity in Britain. Herodotus speaks of the production of tin there. Emblems of more or less significance touching the future state appeared on some of the receptacles. Along with the coin of the year 50 were others of dates between 46 and 300. But the Romans left something besides these useless things to be remembered by. They introduced into Great Britain its chestnut, walnut, peach pear and cherry trees

At twenty, a man is sure he knows everything; at thirty he begins to have grave doubts; at forty he knows there are some things he don't know; at fifty he is certain that he will never again know as much as he once knew.

# The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

AGENTS.

Lexi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington ..... { G. B. Anderson. " ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass .... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Business and special notices are 5 cents a line.
Advertisements, send for rates.

All communications should be addressed THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, Box 263, Washington, D. C.

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Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, New York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton ..... H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.


## LOCAL.

—Read our new advertisements.

—Rev. J. A. Handy reads the paper next Tuesday night.

Mr. W. R. Davis will be absent for the next two weeks in New York city.

—Mr. Geo. Wells, of Annapolis, was in the city last week. He was the guest of Mr. B. Pond, of Madison St.

—A. S Jones left the city last week to visit his mother and other relatives and friends in Milton, N. C.

—Mrs. Brooks, the sister of Mi-s Mattie and Carrie Pryor is still very ill. We copy she may improve.

—Mr. Chas. Backson, of Baltimore, spent a few days in our city last week, and was the guest of Mr. H. G. Camper, 18th St., N. W.

Mrs. Fisher, sister of Mrs. Narcisse Nugent, arrived here last week from Philadelphia; is stopping at 1609 P street, N. W.

It is rumored that a certain Ohio gent will visit this city about the first of November with a view to a mutual agreement with one of our fair sex.

—The friends of Mr. S. D. Camper will be pained to learn that he is still ill and unable to leave his room. This is the fifth week of his illness.

—Mrs. Nathan Johnson, of Mt. Vernon, Va., and the matron of Washington Mansion, paid a brief visit to the city on Wednesday last. She is as entertaining as ever.

—The last funeral rites were paid to Miss Susie Evans last Monday. She was a sweet girl of rare talents, of great promise; but, alas! she is cut down in the first flush of womanhood.

—Monsignor Capel, the great English Catholic divine, will spend a portion of the winter in our city, and preach alternately at St. Matthews and St. Augustine's churches.

—Several friends of Capt. Fleetwood tendered him a dinner at Broche's Tuesday night in honor of the recent victory of his company at the competitive drill.

—Alfred Parker made the sword and belt which were presented to S. H. West by the W. G. L. A. Y. M. in the recent contest. Mr. Parker deserves credit for his workmanship, and all the societies of this city should give him their patronage.

—The Honorary Members of company "B," Capital City Guard, will tender them a Complimentary Reception next Wednesday evening, at Willard Hall. The admission is placed at 50 cents.

—An East Washington scandal is brewing. It is to be hoped that the causes which are assigned are unfounded. We are awaiting further developments, and when proper, we will publish them.

—The marriage of Mr. John A. Postic to Miss Mary E. Thomas was consummated last Wednesday evening, at the residence of her sister, 1621 L-st. A reception was held up to a late hour. She was the recipient of many presents both useful and ornamental.

—Prof. James Storum, of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute at Petersburg, Va., came here Friday night of last week, and returned to his post Sunday morning. He reports ninety pupils as being in attendance at present.

—The quarterly meeting of the A. M. E. Z. church will take place on Sunday, the 28th, at Galbraith Chapel, L-street, between 4th and 5th streets. Addresses will be delivered at 11 a. m., by Rev. N. Stubbs, at 3 p. m., by the Rev. Dr. J. E. Parker, of the Indian office, and at 7:30 p. m., by the Rev. J. Daniels. All are invited. Come and help us. John A. Mulligan, pastor in charge.

—Rev. George W. Moore, the pastor of the Lincoln Memorial Church, has returned to the city. He will be joined by his family in a few weeks. He preaches at his church corner 11th and R streets, N. W., to-morrow both at the 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. services. At night the subject will be: "The Relation of Christianity to Civil Rights."

—Miss Leonora Bluford having returned for the season and re-opened her establishment at 1117 F St., N. W. desires the public to know that she is prepared to furnish all the latest styles of perfectly fitting patterns or linings, cut or basked.

—There is no furnishing establishment in our city which combines a better assortment of goods, low prices, or correct styles than that of Thompson's Shirt Factory, 816 F St., N. W., opposite Patent Office. Mr. Charles Hyatt, the present proprietor, is affable and obliging, and we can assure our readers that they will do well to patronize him.

—Mr. Solomon H. Morrison has very kindly consented to look out for the interests of the ADVOCATE at Asbury Church. We thank Mr. M. very much for the many favors he has done us in giging us news items from time to time. Now that it is thus publicly known, we think he will be better enabled than ever to serve us and our readers.

—The Grand United Order of Odd Fellows will celebrate the 37th anniversary of the introduction of the Order in this district, Monday next by a street parade in the day and a grand levee and reception at Willard Hall at night. P. N. F., Albert L. Johnson, of No. 14-37, will be chief Marshal, and P. N. F., L. W. Fauntleroy, of No. 1343, is Chairman of the committee of arrangements. Tickets 25 cents.

—The Sunday School Union held a meeting last Sunday afternoon at Asbury M. E. Church and elected officers for the ensuing year, prisident, Mr. R. J. Smith; cor. secretay, Mr. E. Thomas; rec. secretary, Miss Jenifer; Treas., Mrs. E. Marshall. There were about twenty-five delegates present. It was decided that the installation of the new officers take place on the 3d Sunday in November, at 3 o'clock, at the 19th Street Baptist Church.

—There will be two intermediate concerts and exhibitions at Ebenezer M. E. Church, cor. of 4th and D Sts. S. E., Monday and Teusday evenings Nov. 5th and 6th, 1883, under the auspices of the Sabbath School, the proceeds to assist the Trustee in the word which is already in progress. The pulpit is being arched, the entire church, frescoed and painted, the windows tained and new pews in the audience chamber, and beautiful Ohio-stone steps at the front entrance. Rev. G. T. Pinkney deserves great credit, as these things have been talked of so long before he came to this charge.

The popular feeling in this city already much excited over the recent decision of the Supreme Court was raised to more than fever heat by the rousing Langster meeting at the Congregational Church last Friday night, and the overflow Douglass and Ingersoll Lincoln Hall meeting, Monday night.


**On Thirty Days' Trial.**

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**OUR CHURCHES**

Missionary day at Asbury last Sunday was opened by a prayer meeting, continuing from 5.30 to 7 A. M., which was followed by an experience meeting, lasting from 9.30 to 10.45 A. M. At 11 o'clock Rev. P. G. Walker preached from "1st Epistle of John, 2d chapt., 8th verse. He then, after a few introductory remarks by the pastor, Rev. N. M. Carroll, superintended the collection, by which $114.32 was realized.

In the afternoon Rev. W. H. Draper of Central, preached from the "2d Psalm 1st and 2d verses," an able sermon, illustrative of the progress of the church by means of missionary effort, in which he gave much valuable statistical information. He, as his predesessor in the morning, superintended the collection, and raised $81. 17.

At night Rev. W. H. Scott occupied the pulpit in the absence of Rev. W. R. Arnold, who had been previously announced. Rev. Scott spoke on the "March of God's Church," his text being selected from the 14th chapter and 15th verse of "Exodus." Rev. Scott also tried his hand as a financier and gathered in $54. 71, making the grand total of the day $250.20.

19th St. BAPTIST.

A very successful missionary meeting was held at the 19th St. Baptist Church last Sunday afternoon. Rev. W. W. Colley who has spent several years in Africa, and who proposes to shortly return thither, gave a graphic account of the resources of that country and its condition as a field for missionary effort.

Rev. J. H. Presley who accompanies Rev. C. abroad, sang to the tune "Our Mission" an original hymn. An idol captured four years ago by Rev. Colley was then exhibited, to the eager listeners. The collection raised was $76.07. At night they spoke at the Zion (Rev. Wm. Gibbons) Church in South Washington.

There was never a more orderly, finer looking, better dressed audience assembled in the Congregational church than that gathered on Friday night of last week to hear Hon. J. M. Langston on "The Status of the Colored American." Mr. Langston delivered a characteristic speech of an hour and a half in duration. It was delivered in that charming style of which he is master. As a legal argument it was not as complete and connected as it doubtless would have been had the Professor confined himself to manuscript.

The meeting Monday night was by all odds the largest ever gathered in Lincoln Hall. Two thousand persons were within, and three thousand others without had to go away, not gaining even standing room. Prof. Gregory presided, with a long number of assistants. Frederick Douglass, Robert G. Ingersoll, Dr. J. E. Rankin and S. Shellabarger spoke. Suitable resolutions were adopted and the meeting adjourned, stirred by the burning eloquence of Douglass and thrilled by the logic and eloquence of Ingersoll to persist in their demands for equal Civil Rights.

**West Washington Waifs.**

The Ebenezer Sunday School gave a Sabbath School concert and presentation of a banner to class number two. In spite of the rain it was a success both financially and otherwise. The presentation address was delivered by Miss Emma Williams of class number one, and was responded to in the address by Miss Lottie Crusor of class number two. The exercises were participated in by the school. Music was well conducted by Mr. John Butler. Miss Jennie Norris read an appropriate piece, which was well rendered, and after some choice music, an address was delivered by Mr. C. C. Cargill, ex-superintendent of said school.

There has been a working Club formed at Bethesda Baptist church for the benefit of the church. They organized with about twenty-five members by paying 25 cents each. Where there is a good Sunday school you are bound to have a church; her school is flourishing. Bethesda is coming.

The friends of Rev. A. Dennis, pastor of Mt. Zion M. E. church will be sorry to learn that one of his daughters is yet ill; he has the sympathy of the community.

The friends of Mrs. Bettie Kenney will be glad to learn that she is fast recovering from her illness contracted while she was spending her season at Staunton, Va.

The ladies of the First Baptist church gave a fine supper on Thursday and Friday nights of last week, as did also the ladies of Ebenezer church on Monday night last for the benefit of their churches.

Now is the time to get a ton of coal or a barrel of flour for a bean. There is a fair in progress at the little Mission A. M. E. church, West P-street, which will close on the 2nd of next month. They have there a jar of beans, and the person guessing the nearest in numbers gets the coal or the flour. Every one should try.

There was a marriage celebrated between Mr. Thomas Jones and Miss Rosie Hill on Thursday evening of last week, at the residence of the bride; the knot was tied by Rev. Alex. Dennis, in the presence of many friends who wished the couple long life and happiness.

Georgetown will be made alive next Thursday evening, the first of November at 7:30 o'clock, by the grand opening of the Bethesda literary association at Ebenezer church. Capt. W a. Cornell will recite the history of the association. Prof. James M. Gregory, of Howard university will deliver the oration of the evening. Miss R. E. Coakley is expected to furnish some excellent reading, and Mr. A. St. A. Smith will present a paper. Mr. James L. Turner has charge of the music. A number of distinguished persons will be there from the city.

Some physicians assert that a heavy meal at midday is injurious to the health. A five or six o'clock dinner, eaten slowly with the members of his own family, is far healthier. A heavy midday meal unfits professional men for carrying on any business in the afternoon, as it makes them heavy and sleepy, for nature requires some kind of repose to aid digestion. Our popular system of eating is wrong. The majority of persons thrust three heavy meals into about ten hours and leave the body without a fresh supply of food for the remaining fourteen hours of the day and night. Two good meals, morning and evening, would be the proper plan, with perhaps a light lunch or cracker at about one o'clock in the day. This would allow both of the heavy meals an opportunity to digest before the next was taken. As to a heavy midday meal for men who have to tear around as if the next moment were to be their last, it is perfectly ridiculous, as the food, instead of digesting and forming blood, muscle and brain, acts as a block to those forces of nature—choking up a sewer, as it were. It is best to eat lightly in the middle of the day.

The manufacturer who does not advertise, rarely has to run his machinery night and day, and is not compelled to decline orders because he has too much to do.

—The regular session of the Howard University Evening School, will be resumed Oct., 1st, '83. An excellent opportunity to enjoy the advantages of the University is thus offered to those who may be engaged during the day. For particulars, Apply to C. C. Johnson at the University. 3t.

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A gold medal to the private or non-commissioned officer of any military company in the District.

A large teachers Bible, with concordance, maps, &c., to the Superintendent of any Sunday School.

A Webster's Dictionary (unabridged,) to the principal of any of the public schools.

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A GRAND THREE NIGHT

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Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21, 22, 23

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## Pluck vs. Luck.

In an address delivered before the students of the Spencerian business college, Washington, D. C., June 29, 1869, among other things, Gen. James A. Garfield said:

"Now, young gentlemen, let me address you touching your success in life; and I hope the very brevity of my remarks will increase the chance of their making a lodgment in your minds. Let me beg you in the outset of your career, to dismiss from your minds all ideas of succeeding by luck. There is no more silly thought among young people than the foolish one that by-and-by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. No, young gentlemen, things don t turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up. Inertia is one of the indispensable laws of matter, and things lie flat where they are until by some intelligent spirit (for nothing but spirit makes motion in this world) they are endowed with activity and life. Do not dream that some good luck is going to happen to you and give you a fortune. Luck is an *ignis-fatuus*—you may follow it to ruin, but not to success. The great Napoleon, who believed in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star go down in blackest night, when the Old Guard perished around him, and Waterloo was lost. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occcsion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs, young gentlemen. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. The success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of your self."

## The Curfew Bell.

It will be remembered that the curfew is commonly said to have been introduced into England by William the Conqueror. By that monarch it was ordained, under severe penalties, that when the curfew bell rang at 8 o'clock in the evening all lights and fires should be extinguished. There are those who hold that this was merely the enforcing of an existing and very common police regulation to that effect. The absolute prohibition of lights after the ringing of the curfew bell was abolished by Henry I. in the year 1100, but the practice of tolling a bell at a fixed hour in the evening was continued, and this, which is still extant in some places, is a survival of the curfew of medieval times. At first the common hour was 7 o'clock, then it was gradually advanced to 8, and in some places to 9 oclock; indeed, in Scotland, 10 o'clock was not an unusual hour. The curfew was a regulation most useful in those early days, when it was the custom to place the fire in a hole in the middle of the floor under an opening in the roof, to allow the escape of the smoke. When the family retired for the night, the fire was extinguished by covering it up; hence the term couvrefeu, or curfew. The regulation was also serviceable in obliging the people to keep in their houses, and thus preventing night brawls in the streets. It is believed that there is no historical authority for the popular tradition that the severity exhibited by the Conqueror in enforcing obedience to the curfew was more particularly designed to prevent the English from assembling in secret to plan schemes of rebellion against their Norman lords.

## Good Advice for Everybody.

1 Never, under any circumstances assume a responsibility that you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

2. Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.

3. Remember that self-interest is much more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty when your interest is concerned.

4. Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

5. Be neither lavish or niggardly. Of the two, avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment; therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

6. Say but little; think much and do more.

7. Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

8. Avoid borrowing and lending.

9. Wine drinking and cigar smoking are bad habits; they impair the health and pocket, and lead to a waste of time.

10. Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

11. Cultivate promptness in deciding upon matters that come before you; there are few objects more disagreeable than an undecided, vacillating man. Consider thoughtfully, but decide promptly.

12. Never break a business engagement of any kind, if it be possible to meet it. Let nothing cause you to become careless of business etiquette, integrity and promptitude.

13. Let truth and an unwavering faith in God underlie all your motives and actions.

## Location of New School-Houses.

Select a site that is accessible to fresh air and sunlight; those facing to the West and South are the most desirable. 2. See that the location is elevated; not low and damp. 3. If in a city, ascertain whether the building is on natural or "made" soil. The latter is very unhealthy. 4. Have as much open ground around the school-house as possible. A school-house with a yard, however small is much more pleasant than one without a yard; and have a garden if possible. 5. Ascertain with a certainty that the drainage is good. 6. Observe whether there are any bodies of stagnant water, or other contaminating influence near, and whether the prevailing direction of the wind will carry unwholesome vapors to the school-house. 7. Never choose a location so thickly surrounded with trees that the sun can never penetrate to the rooms. Such places are very unhealthy. 8. Be sure that the water supply is abundant and pure in every respect.

The Commercial Bulletin remarks that "the American nose can now be wiped with an American made silk handkerchief, but no American nose can be wiped with a domestic linen handkerchief; and moreover, no American heart beats beneath a domestic linen bosom. Let linen be a little better protected and linens would be sold cheaper in price and better in quality than the imported linens at the present time." Not a yard of linen is made in the United States! And yet no country is better adapted to flax raising or manufacturing!

## An Editor's Reflections.

The editor of the *Lockport Phœnix* is responsible for the following. Who has not thought in about the same strain? And in our sober moments too:

Every once in a while something or other occurs which brings up before us feelings of other days; we are solemn—we indulge in retrospection and dream of "what might have been." And, while in the mood, other serious thoughts succeed, one to another, and we are prone to reflect on such sayings of the proverb-makers as "An hour once lost is gone forever," "What is past can never be recalled," etc., and we speculate as to the future even so much as to wish to raise the impenetrable veil that divides our life here from the shadowy realms beyond and know the mysteries that lie hidden there.

When we come to think seriously on the subject, what a confoundedly strange thing life is! What peculiar mysteries we ourselves are that we cannot even "know ourselves." And yet one thing is pretty certain, viz, that each and every one of us can say with a very comfortable degree of assurance "I am," although a goodly number of our great and shining lights have expressed themselves doubtful of even that.

Suppose sometime, you or ourself, friend reader, should wake up and find we were somewhere else and learn that this earthly existence had been all "in our mind," as slang parlance hath expressed it. It would be strange would it not? And yet a dream seems even as real as this sometimes. But enough of conjecture such as this. We will take it for granted that all things ARE. There is room enough for guesswork left after that.

Not very long ago, you and the rest of us were babies, nothing, but squalling, ugly looking little chunks of incipient humanity. We have ceased to be such, and can never be babies any more. Let us be thankful.

From babies in long clothes, as we grew older, we graduated, some into petticoats and some into breeches. We became school children. That was an epoch in our existence which we probably will never forget. What good times we used to have. How we played together; how we quarreled; how the breeches and petticoats fell in love with each other and then fell out again. We can recollect how we felt the first time we fell a victim to the tender passion. For a long time we worshipped at a distance, but when we found that our feelings were reciprocated we seemed to walk on air; and when we found an opportunity to perform the first osculation of our life—Gosh—but words are inadequate to express what feelings the operation gave rise to. We've got a lock of her hair yet, but she is married now, and to some other fellow. With some slight modifications this has probably been the experience of the majority. But those halcyon days are a thing of the past. As someone once remarked—How *tempus* does *fugit*, and right here perhaps it would be appropriate to quote Shakespeare:

"This world, you know
Is a fleeting show,
And thus it is that round we go—
Sometimes above, sometimes below
Like horses in a circus."

Perhaps the immortal William never wrote those words; in fact there is some doubt expressed as to whether W. S. was himself or somebody else. But the sentiment is good, and his "shade" need not get "upon its ear" because we have imputed it to him.

But here we are—men and women—and what the past has been we may as well relegate to some comfortable little nook in our memory and—drop it. What the future is to be we ourselves must decide, for are we not "the architects of our own fortune?" The best way to do it is perhaps, to

"Trust no future howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead;
But act—act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

## A Primitive Tribe.

Dr. Hunter describes a peculiar tribe in India which has preserved an extreme primitiveness. The people are called Leaf Wearers, because they wear the costume of Adam and Eve before the fall; or, more strictly speaking, they did so until the English persuaded them to adopt cloth.

In 1871 the English officer called together the clan, and after a speech handed out strips of cotton for the women to put on. They then passed in single file to the number of 1,900 before him, made obeisance to him, and were afterward marked on the forehead with vermillion as a sign of their entering into civilized society. Finally, they gathered the bunches of leaves which had formed their sole clothing into a great heap, and solemnly set fire to it. This leaf-wearing tribe had no knowledge of the metals till quite lately when foreigners came among them, and no word existed in their native language for iron or any other metal. But their country abounds in flint weapons, so that the Juangs form a remnant to our own day of the stone age. "Their huts," writes the officer who knows them best, "are among the smallest that human beings ever deliberately constructed as dwellings. They measure about six feet by eight feet. The head of the family and all the females huddle together in this one shell, not much larger than a dog kennel." The boys and the young men of the village live in one large building apart by themselves; and this custom of having a common abode for the whole male youth of the hamlet is found among many aboriginal tribes in distant parts of India.

## Magnetic Storms.

Remembering the influence which the sun has been found to exercise upon the magnetic needle, the questson will naturally arise, has the sun anything to do with magnetic storms? We have clear evidence that he has. On the 1st of September, 1869, Messrs. Carrington and Hodgson were observing the sun, one at Oxford and the other in London. Their scrutiny was directed to certain large spots which at that time marked the sun's face. Suddenly a bright light was seen by each observer to break out on the sun's surface and to travel, slowly in appearance, but in reality at the rate of about 7,000 miles in a minute, across a part of the solar disk. Now it was found afterward that the self-registering magnetic instruments at Kew had made at that instant a strongly-marked jerk. It was learned at that moment a magnetic storm prevailed at the West Indies, in South America, and in Australia. The signal-men in the telegraph stations at Washington and Philadelphia received strong electric shocks; the pen of Bain's telegraph was followed by a flame of fire; and in Norway the telegraphic machinery was set on fire. At night great auroras were seen in both hemispheres. It is impossible not to connect these startling magnetic indications with the remarkable appearance observed on the sun's disk.—*Prof Proctor.*

## Scientific Notes.

The human body is seven-eighths water. The blood is mostly water. All the tissues owe their softness to it, and even the bones have a share of this fluid. No organ of the body could perform its duty, nor could life be sustained without it. Alcohol burns up the water, diseases and destroys the body.

An iron rail properly made, it is said, will last as long as those of steel. The Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road near Dayton has in use iron rails placed there thirty-one years ago which are yet in fair condition. They were made at Johnston, Pa., and the order required that they should be the best possible to be made. It is safe to say that no iron rails are made nowadays which would endure an equal amount of traffic for thirty years.

Denmark has lately acquired a torpedo-boat which is pronounced in England, where it was made, the largest afloat. Her displacement is fifty-five tons and her armament comprises four of the largest Whitehead torpedoes, each carrying eighty pounds of gun-cotton and a Hotchkiss revolving gun. She has a coal capacity of ten tons, which is equivalent to 1,200 miles at eleven knots, but her full speed is twenty knots. Despite her great size, the boat is capable of transportation by rail.

In a paper read before the British Medical Association, Dr. J. Hadden objects to the treatment of fevers by immersing the patient in cold baths for the purpose of directly abstracting heat. He says the theory upon which such treatment is advocated is incorrect. The high temperature is not itself the cause of the worst symptoms of fevers. Furthermore he declares that in practice such treatment is dangerous, and that the only safe way of using baths in fevers is by sponging the surface with moderately cold water. Even tepid or warm water will exert a cooling and soothing effect. The immersion method is too shocking.

Professor Donders, long known as the most distinguished oculist in Holland, recently delivered a lecture in Amsterdam, on color, which has been widely quoted. After an elaborate experimental analysis of various popular notions on the subject in hand, Professor Donders proceeded to demonstrate that, notwithstanding the prevailing theory, green must be ranked with the primitive colors, like red, blue, and yellow. Green, the Professor explained could not be produced by mixing pure yellow and blue—such a composition would be white, in the very nature of things. The green color which is apparently derived from the mixture or amalgamation of two paints is, in reality, says Professor Donders, the result of "subtraction."

A foreign scientific journal remarks as a curious physiological fact, that although open-air life is so favorable to health, yet it has the apparent effect of stunting the growth in early youth. Thus, while the children of well-to-do parents, carefully housed and tended, are found to be taller for their age than the children of the poor, they are not so strong in after years, the laborer's children, for instance, who play in the lonely country roads and fields all day, whose parents lock their humble doors when leaving for work in the morning, so that their offspring shall not gain entrance and do mischief, are almost invariably short for their age; the children of working farmers exhibit the same peculiarity. After sixteen or eighteen—after years of hesitation, as it were—the lads shoot up and become great, hulking, broad fellows, possessed of immense strength. According to these statements, it would seem that indoor life forces the growth at the wrong period and thus injures it. Is it so?

## The American Eagle.

There are several varieties of eagles in the United States, but not all that are commonly called by different names are entitled to the separate distinction. The largest is Audubon's "Bird of Washington," or Washington Eagle, a huge bird that has apparently been seen by few persons but the great naturalist himself, and which inhabits the region of the Great Lakes and the Upper Mississippi. Its spread of wings is over ten feet. It rarely comes to New England; but Dr. Wood, the Connecticut ornithologist, in his "Birds of Connecticut," describes one that was caught in a steel trap, in the East Windsor meadows, just after a Connecticut river freshet had left thousands of dead fish on land. On these he was feasting, in company with two "Bald Eagles," whom he greatly surpassed in size. He was killed, as was supposed, after being caught, by a blow on the head with a club; but he recovered on being thrown upon the grass, and flew away. He was nearly four feet long, and his spread of wings was ten feet. The "national bird" of our country is the so-called (improperly so-called) Bald Eagle—a bird whose head is as well supplied, proportionately, with feathers as any part of his body; but on the head these are white, while the rest of the bird, except the neck and tail, is quite dark. The female (who is always the largest, in birds of prey), often measures three feet four inches in length, with a stretch of wings between seven and eight feet. It is incorrectly described in our cyclopœdias as the "largest of the fishing or sea eagles." To say nothing of Audubon's great bird, there is in Greenland (and in some parts of Europe) a sea eagle a little larger than the bald species. The bald eagle (not uncommon here) builds on cliffs and great trees a nest of coarse sticks, which is used by the same pair, if undisturbed, for very many years (they will live to the age of 120 or 140 years;) and in this latitude they lay their eggs after the middle of January, and hatch out about the middle of February. The diversity of color between the young and the adult occasions mistakes in naming them, and leads to the idea that they are "sea eagles," "black eagles," "gray eagles," etc. Doctor Franklin objected to the adoption of the eagle as our national bird, because of its predatory habits, and suggested the turkey instead. The golden eagle (which may be the kind that was shot near Riverton, and if so, it is a rare and valuable bird for ornithologists) is seldom seen in Connecticut. It is a magnificent bird, belonging in Europe as well as the United States; is about as large as the bald eagle, and derives its name from the golden-red feathers on its head and neck—the rest of its plumage is a rich, dark brown. It lives about the Great Lakes, the Upper Mississipi, and to a less extent among the White and Green Mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont. There are about seventy species of eagles; and even of those in America we cannot give all the names and varieties. A dark eagle, not quite so large as the bald, is common in Connecticut. One ferocious kind, found in Mexico and on the Isthmus, is the harpy eagle. The osprey is improperly classed among the true eagles.

The first successful method of making vulcanized India rubber was patented in 1839.

## Winter Evenings on the Farm.

I remember to have read somewhere how some Italian artist gathered up all the bits of broken glass cast aside in building a cathedral, and how from these pieces, trimmed, arranged and set in order, he constructed one of the most beautiful windows found in Italy. What others had cast aside as useless, he took up and from it wrought out the beautiful, and the useful.

Boys and girls on the farm, as everywhere else, let run to waste many bits of time, spare moments, hours, evenings which if they would but turn to good use, might be made to serve the noblest purpose. But the trouble is to get at it, to have some plan of working over these spare hours. How can the evenings be turned to use, and the best use? Of course one can doze them away sitting before the fire, can gossip, play checkers, and so on, but this is not the best use, nor the best way to spend long evenings. An occasional evening spent in this way may be good, but to thus let all these passing spare hours slip by is to waste life. And at the end of ten years of spare hours what have we to show?

Let me suggest a simple plan for utilizing evenings; and let me suggest it out of my own experience, for I do no not know what our experience is good for if it is not to help others. It often comes too late, to help us. And now, the fact that you are on a farm, is a great advantage for using your evenings. I know this from experience both of farm life and city life. In the city there is something to break in on your plans all the time. In the country your evenings are comparatively free, at least an hour or two for each evening, and you can set aside this time if you plan before hand to do so. We can do it in the city, but it is more easily done in the country.

I know now what objections you begin to offer: "I am too tired, too sleepy, have too much else to do," and all this. Yes, but all these obstacles fade out of sight if we only take hold of the work with a purpose. For those who do not care to make the most and best of life, these suggestions of mine will have little value. But here and there possibly they may find a young man or woman to whom they may be helpful. If so, I have my reward, in endeavoring to do for others what I would that some one had done for me when I was a boy on the farm struggling for ways and means toward gaining an education.

The problem is, how to get time? And the only answer is, "take it." Take time; that is the only way you will ever have time for anything. Lay your plan, write it out and solemnly sign your name to it, if it will thus make it more binding, to spend at least an hour every evening in reading some good book. You will have interruptions, but persist in your plan, and soon other things will yield and you can pass from one hour's reading to two. And you can hardly imagine how much good may come to you from these few hours spent over a good book. They will follow you all the days of your life. You will look back to them in after years with sweet reflections and pleasant memories. No one of you who may read this is likely to find greater difficulties in working this plan than I did as a boy. I remember well how my first interest was awakened in history, an interest which has never left me, because commenced early in life and against great obstacles. Yes, the very difficulties I met with added zest to the task, and I have lived long enough now to see that these very hindrances were to me blessings in disguise. They gave me then and have continued all these years to give me a sense of victory over difficulties, and, you notice in your own experience every difficulty mastered gives you strength and nerve, and tone for still greater difficulties. Stop not, then, for these little obstacles; rise above them, and in the mastery find hope and courage for future struggles.

I was at work on a farm by the month, and for a man who was unhappy if a boy in the house was sleeping after four o'clock in the morning, or came in from his chores before seven in the evening. And yet, having signed the solemn compact with myself to read history one hour each evening, I did it, though it was a terrible thorn in the flesh for the head of the family to see the tallow candle wasting away for such foolish business as reading. He would often upbraid me with "What y' goin' to do with yer larnin', when y' git it?" But on I pressed with my plan, and I have come now to thank God, not only for the obstacles overcome, but for a sense of strength and courage, that has helped me in many another struggle of life. And it is this sense of strength from victories won which I would bring to bear upon every young man who may be wrestling with the same or difficulties.

## The Model Farm.

The Keota (Iowa) *Eagle* has at last found a western man who is satisfied with a fifty acre farm. His name is Artemus Fisher, and he lives one mile and a half south of Keota. The *Eagle* tells the story of his management and of his success as follows:

He keeps one team of horses, three first-class cows, and a nice little drove of the best hogs. He milks his cows for the creamery, and they made him nearly $200 last year; will perhaps do better this year He will sell $500 worth of hogs this year and have thirty stockers to keep over. He has $200 worth of flax-seed to sell; has an abundance of hay and grain to keep his stock in first-class condition during the winter. He keeps everything in apple-pie order about his farm; his cows revel in clover up to their eyes; he attends to feeding, watering and milking as regularly as the clock strikes, hence he gets the best results with the least possible feed. He keeps his stock under cover, and never allows any animal to shiver in the fence corners. He has a barn that is a model of convenience and economy. It is snow-proof, and as warm as the old kitchen. He has a first-class selection of fruit—not a large orchard, but a choice selection of the varieties that thrive and bear the best in this locality. Everything about the farm bears marks of intelligence, thrift and economy. Besides making a living for himself and the "old lady," he will sell at least $800 worth of stuff off his fifty acres this year, and not be exceeding former years either. There is no rush or hurry about this model farm. Everything goes off quietly and regularly. The expenses are very small and the gains sure.

The story is told of an old hunter in Michigan who lost his way in the woods a number of times while the country was new. At length he secured a pocket compass and its use was explained to him by a friend. But shortly afterwards he lost his way again and lay out as usual. When found he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He did not dare to he said. He wanted to go north, and he "tried to make the thing point north, but it wasn't no use, 'twould shake, shake, shake round and point southeast every time.


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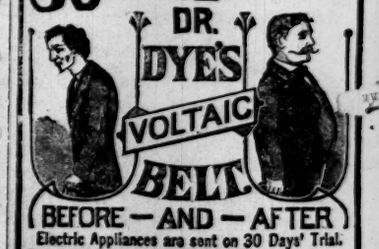

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